LOVELY MARY.

Air : Highland Mary.

I'll taste no more of the poison'd cup,
  That brought on me destruction :
The poison'd beverage I'll give up,
  I'll receive, receive instruction.
Tho' demons rail, let them beware ;
  For, with them I'll no longer tarry ;
By my vice, in the grave sleeps ONE SO fair,
  My lovely, lovely Mary.

Ah ! many an hour we've whiled away,
  To view the rose in blossom,
And underneath the willow's shade,
  I'd clasp her to my bosom.
But, oh ! that day is past and gone ;
  This world to me is dreary ,
By my cursed vice of drinking Rum,
  I lost my lovely Mary.

Those happy hours are fled and gone ;
  An outcast now I wander ;
My drooping soul there's none to cheer ;
  For, we are torn asunder.
The Demon Rum did me o'er-power,
  Broke the heart that loved me dearly ;
And now the green sod marks the grave
  Of my sweet, lovely Mary.

But now a ray of hope breaks forth
  For one that's left in horror,
'Tis the Temp'rance Star shines in the North,
  Its light will drown all sorrow.
I've signed the glorious Pledge for life,
  Of this sad world I'm weary ;
Kind Angels waft me to my wife,
  My lovely, lovely Mary.